New Englands Crisis

Or a Brief

Narrative,

Of *NEW-ENGLANDS* Lamentable Estate at present, compar'd with the former (but few) years of Prosperity.

Occasioned by many unheard of *Cruelties* practised upon the *Persons* and *Estates* of its united *Colonyes*, without respect of *Sex*, *Age* or *Quality* of Persons, by the Barbarous *Heathen* thereof.

Poetically Described.

By a Well-wither to his *Country*.

BOSTON,
Printed and sold by *John Foster*, over against the Sign of the *Dove*. 1676.

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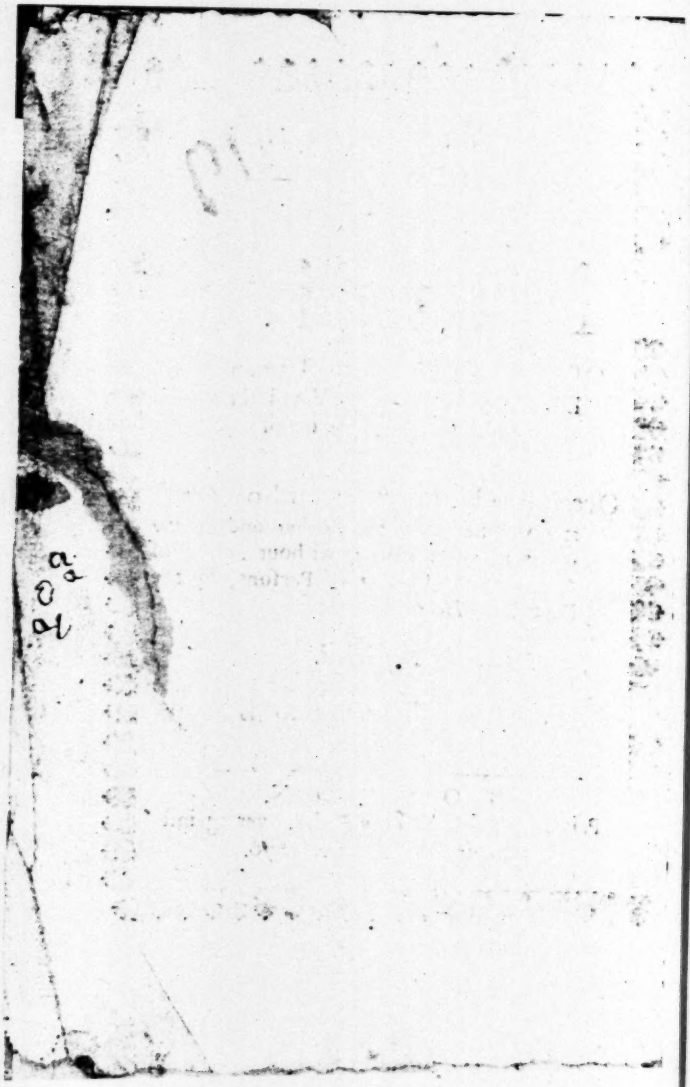

TO THE

READER.

Courteous Reader,

I *never thought this* Babe *of my weak* Phantaſie *worthy of an* Imprimatur; *but being an* Abortive, *it was beg'd in theſe perplexing Times to be cheriſhed by the* Charity *of others. If its* Lineaments *pleaſe not the* Reader

To the Reader:

der *better than the* Writer, *I ſhall be glad to ſee it* preſt *to death: but if it diſpl aſe not many and ſatisfie any, its to me a glorious Rewa d, who am more willing tha i ab'e to any Service to my Country and Friend,*

Farewell

New

THE PROLOGUE.

THe times wherein old *Pompion* was a Saint,
When men far'd hardly yet without com-plaint
On vileſt *Cates*; the dainty *Indian Maize*
Was eat with *Clamp-ſhells* out of wooden Trayes
Under thatcht *Hutts* without the cry of *Rent*,
And the beſt *Sawce* to every Diſh, *Content*.
When Fleſh was food, & hairy skins made coats,
And men as wel as birds had chirping Notes.

When Cimnels were accounted noble bloud
Among the tribes of common herbage food.
Of *Ceres* bounty form'd was many a knack
Enough to fill *poor Robins Almanack.*
These golden times (too fortunate to hold)
Were quickly fin'd away for love of gold.
Twas then among the bushes, not the street
If one in place did an inferiour meet,
Good morrow Brother, is there ought you want?
Take freely of me, what I have you ha'nt.
Plain *Tom* and *Dick* would pass as currant now,
As ever since *Your Servant Sir* and bow.
Deep-skirted doublets, *puritanick* capes
Which now would render men like upright Apes,
Was comlier wear our wiser Fathers thought
Than the cast fashions from all *Europe* brought.
Twas in those dayes an honest *Grace* would hold
Till an hot puddin grew at heart a cold.
And men had better stomachs to religion
Than I to capon, turkey-cock or pigeon.
When honest Sisters met to pray not prate
About their own and not their neighbours state.
During *Plain Dealings* Reign, that worthy Stud
Of the ancient planters race before the flood
These times were good, Merchants car'd not a rush
For other fare than *Jonakin and Mush.*

Al-

Although men far'd and lodged very hard
Yet Innocence was better than a Guard.
Twas long before spiders & wormes had dra va
Their dungy webs or hid with cheating Lawne
New-Englands beauryes, which stil seem'd to me
Illustrious in their own simplicity.
Twas ere the neighbouring *Virgin-land* had brok:
The Hogsheads of her worse than hellish smok.
Twas ere the Islands sent their Presents in,
Which but to use was counted next to sin.
Twas ere a *Barge* had made so rich a fraight
As *Chocholatte*, dust-gold and bitts of eight.
Ere wines from *France* and *Moscovadoe* too
Without the which the drink will scarsly doe,
From western Isles, ere fruits and dilicacies,
Did rot maids teeth & spoil their hansome faces.
Or ere these times did chance the noise of war
Was from our towns and hearts removed far.
No Bugbear Comets in the chrystal air
To drive our christian Planters to despair.
No sooner pagan malice peeped forth
But Valour snib'd it, then were men of worth
Who by their prayers slew thousands Angel like,
Their weapons are unseen with which they strike.
Then had the Churches rest, as yet the coales
Were covered up in most contentious souls.

Freenes

Freeneſs in Judgment, union in affection, (on
Dear love, ſound truth they were our grand protecti-
Theſe were the twins which in our Councells ſate,
Theſe gave prognoſticks of our future fate,
If theſe be longer liv'd our hopes increaſe,
Theſe warrs will ſhe'r in a longer peace:
But if *New-Englands* love die in its youth
The grave will open next for bleſſed Truth.
This *Theame* is out of date, the peacefull hours
When Caſſles needed not but pleaſant bowers.
Nor ink, but bloud and tears now ſerve the turn
To draw the figure of *New-Englands* Urne.
New Englands hour of paſſion is at hand,
No power except Divine can it withſtand;
Scarce hath her glaſs of fifty years run out,
But her old proſperous Steeds turn heads about,
Tracking themſelves back to their poor beginnings,
To fear and fare upon their fruits of ſinnings:
So that the mirrour of the Chriſtian world
Lyes burnt to heaps in part, her Streamers furl'd
Grief reigns, joyes flee and diſmal fears ſurprize,
Not daſtard ſpirits only but the wiſe.
Thus have the faireſt hopes deceiv'd the eye
Of the big ſwoln Expectant ſtanding by.
Thus the proud Ship after a little turn
Sinks into *Neptunes* arms to find its Urn.

This

Thus hath the heir to many thousands born
Been in an instant from the mother torn.
Ev'n thus thine infant cheeks begin to pale,
And thy supporters through great losses fail.
This is the *Prologue* to thy future woe,
The *Epilogue* no mortal yet can know.

New Englands Criſis.

IN ſeventy five the *Critick* of our years
Commenc'd our war with *Phillip* and his peers.
Whither the ſun in *Leo* had inſpir'd
A feav'riſh heat, and *Pagan* ſpirits fir'd?
Whither ſome Romiſh Agent hatcht the plot?
Or whither they themſelves? appeareth not.
Whither our infant thrivings did invite?
Or whither to our lands pretended right?
Is hard to ſay; but *Indian ſpirits* need
No grounds but luſt to make a Chriſtian bleed.

And here methinks I ſee this greazy *Lout*
with all his pagan ſlaves coil'd round about,
Aſſuming all the majeſty his throne
Of rotten ſtump, or of the rugged ſtone
Could yield; caſting ſome bacon-rine-like looks,
Enough to fright a Student from his books,
Thus treat his peers, & next to them his Commons,
Kennel'd together all without a ſummons.

My

My friends, our Fathers were not half so wise
As we our selves who see with younger eyes.
They sel our land to english man who teach
Our nation all so fast to pray and preach:
Of all our countrey they enjoy the best,
And quickly they intend to have the rest.
This no wunnegin, so big matchit law,
Which our old fathers fathers never saw.
These english make and we must keep them too,
Which is too hard for them or us to doe,
We drink we so big whipt, but english they
Go sneep, no more, or else a little pay.
Me meddle Squaw me hang'd, our fathers kept
What Sqaws they would whither they wakt or slept.
Now if you'le fight Ile get you english coats,
And wine to drink out of their Captains throats.
The richest merchants houses shall be ours,
Weel ly no more on matts or dwell in bowers
Weel have their silken wives take they our Squaws,
They shall be whipt by virtue of our laws.
Here we strike tis now before they swell
To greater swarmes then we know how to quell.
This my resolve, let neighbouring *Sachems* know,
And every one that hath club, gun or bow.
This was assented to, and for a close
He strokt his smutty beard and curst his foes.

This

This counsel lightning like their tribes invade,
And something like a muster's quickly made,
A ragged regiment, a naked swarm,
Whome hopes of booty doth with courage arm,
Set forth with bloody hearts, the first they meet
Of men or beasts they butcher at their feet.
They round our skirts, they pare, they fleece they kil,
And to our bordering towns do what they will.
Poor Movills (better far then *Cæsars* court
In the experience of the meaner sort)
Receive from them their doom next execution,
By flames reduc'd to horror and confusion:
Here might be seen the smoking funeral piles
Of wildred towns pitcht distant many miles.
Here might be seen the infant from the breast
Snatcht by a pagan hand to lasting rest:
The mother *Rachel*-like shrieks out my child
She wrings her hands and raves as she were wild.
The bruitish wolves suppress her anxious moan
By crueltyes more deadly of her own.
Will she or nill the chastest turtle must
Tast of the pangs of their unbridled lust. (post,
From farmes to farmes, from towns to towns they
They strip, they bind, they ravish, flea and roast.
The beasts which wont their masters crib to know,
Over the ashes of their shelters low.

What

What the inexorable flames doe spare
More cruel *Heathen* lug away for fare.
These tidings ebbing from the outward parts
Makes trades-men cast aside their wonted Arts
And study armes: the craving merchants plot
Not to augment but keep what they have got.
And every soul which hath but common sence
Thinks it the time to make a just defence.
Alarums every where resound in streets,
From *west* sad tidings with the *Eastern* meets.
Our common fathers in their Councels close
A marrial treaty with the pagan foes,
All answers center here that fire and sword
Must make their *Sachem* universal Lord.
This armes the english with a resolution
To give the vaporing *Scab* a retribution.
Heav'ns they consult by prayer, the best design
A furious foe to quel or undermine.
RESOLV'D that from the *Massachusets* bands
Be prest on service some *Herculean* hands
And certainly he wel deserv'd a jerke
That slipt the Collar from so good a work.
Some Volunteers, some by compulsion goe
To range the hideous forrest for a foe.
The tender Mother now's all bowels grown,
Clings to her son as if they'd melt in one.

Wives

Wives claſpe about their husbands as the vine
Huggs the fair elm, while tears burſt out like wine.
The new-ſprung love in many a virgin heart
Swels to a mountain when the lovers part.
Nephews and kindred turn all ſprings of tears,
Their hearts are ſo ſurpriz'd with panick fears.
But dolefull ſhrieks of captives ſummon forth
Our walking caſtles, men of noted worth,
Made all of life, each Captain was a *Mars*,
His name too ſtrong to ſtaud on wateriſh verſe:
Due praiſe I leave to ſome poetick hand
Whoſe pen and witts are better at command.
Methinks I ſee the *Trojan-horſe* burſt ope,
And ſuch ruſh forth as might with giants cope:
Theſe firſt the natives treachery felt, too fierce
For any but eye-witneſs to rehearſe.
Yet ſundry times in places where they came
Upon the Indian skins they carv'd their name.
The trees ſtood Centinels and bullets flew
From every buſh (a ſhelter for their crew)
Hence came our wounds and deaths from every ſide
While skulking enemies ſquat undiſcri'd,
That every ſtump ſhot like a musketeer,
And bowes with arrows every tree did bear
The ſwamps were Courts of Guard, thither retir'd
The ſtragling blew-coats when their guns were fir'd,

In

In dark Meanders, and these winding groves,
Where Beares & panthers with their Monarch moves
These far more cruel sully hidden lay,
Expecting english men to move that way.
One party lets them ip, the other greets
Them with the next thing to their winding-sheets;
Most fall, the rest thus startled back return,
And from their by past foes receive an urn.
Here fel a Captain, to be nam'd with tears,
Who for his Courage left not many peers,
With many more who scarce a number left
To tell how treacherously they were bereft.
This flusht the pagan courage, now they think
The victory theirs, not lacking meat or drink.
The ranging wolves find here and there a prey,
And having fil'd their paunch they run away
By their Hosts light, the thanks which they return
Is to lead Captives and their taverns burn.
Many whose thrift had stor'd for after use
Sustain their wicked plunder and abuse.
Poor people spying an unwonted light,
Fearing a Martyrdom, in sudden fright
Leap to the door to fly, but all in vain,
They are surrounded with a pagan train;
Their first salute is death, which if they shun
Some are condemn'd the Gauntelet to run;

Death

Death would a mercy proue to ſuch as thoſe
VVho feel the rigour of ſuch helliſh foes.
Poſts daily on their *Pegaſean* Steeds
Bring ſad reports of worſe then *Nero's* deeds,
Such bruitiſh Murthers as would paper ſtain
Not to be heard in a Domitians Reign.
The field which nature hid is common laid,
And Mothers bodies ript for lack of aid.
The ſecret Cabinets which nature meant
To hide her maſter piece is open rent,
The half formd Infant there receiues a death
Before it ſees the light or draws its breath,
Many hot welcomes from the natiues arms
Hid in their ſculking holes many alarms
Our brethren had, and weary weary trants,
Sometimes in melting heats and pinching wants:
Sometimes the clouds with ſympathizing tears
Ready to burſt diſcharg'd about their ears:
Sometimes on craggy hills, anon in bogs
And miery ſwamps better befitting hogs,
And after tedious Marches little boaſt
Is to be heard of ſtewd or bakt or roaſt,
Their beds are hurdles, open houſe they keep
Through ſhady boughs the ſtars upon them peep,
Their chryſtal drink drawn from the mothers breaſt
Diſpoſes not to mirth but ſleep and reſt.

Thus

Thus many dayes and weeks, some months run out
To find and quell the vagabonding rout,
Who like inchanted Castles fair appear,
But all is vanisht if you come but near,
Just so we might the *Pagan* Archers track
With towns and merchandize upon their back;
And thousands in the *South* who settled down
To all the points and winds are quickly blown.
At many meetings of their fleeting crew,
From whom like haile arrows and bullets flew:
The *English* courage with whole swarms dispute,
Hundreds they hack in pieces in pursuit.
sed haud impunè, English sides do feel
As well as tawny skins the lead and steel
And some such gallant Sparks by bullets fell,
As might have curst the powder back to Hell:
Had only Swords these skirmishes decided
All *Pagan Sculls* had been long since divided.
The lingring war out-lives the Summer sun,
Who hence departs hoping it might be done,
Ere his return at *Spring* but ah hee's find
The Sword still drawn, men of unchanged mind.
Cold winter now nibbles at hands and toes
And shrewdly pinches both our friends and foes.
Fierce *Boreas* whips the *Pagan* tribe together
Advising them to fit for foes and weather:

The axe which late had tasted Christian bloud
Now sets its steely teeth to feast on wood.
The forests suffer now, by waight constrein'd
To kiss the earth with souldiers lately brain'd.
The lofty oakes and ash doe wagge the head
To see so many of their neighbours dead,
Their fallen carcasses are caried thence
To stand our enemies in their defence.
Their Myrmidons incloſ'd with clefts of trees
Are busie like the ants or nimble bees:
And first they timber poles fix in the ground,
In figure of the heavens convex: all round
They draw their arras-matts and skins of beasts,
And under these the Elves do make their nests.
Rome took more time to grow then twice six hours
But half that time will serve for indian bowers.
A Citty shall be rear'd in one dayes space
As shall an hundred english men out-face.
Canonicus precincts there swarmes unite,
Rather to keep a winter guard then fight.
A dern and dismal swamp some Scout had found
Whose bosome was a spot of rising ground
Hedg'd up with mighty oakes, maples and ashes,
Nurst up with springs, quick boggs & miery plashes
A place which nature coyn'd on very nonce
For tygers not for men to be a sconce.

Two

'Twas here these Monsters shape and face'd like men
Took up there Rendezvouz and brutal den,
Deeming the depth of snow, hail, frost and ice
Would make our Infantry more tame and wise
Then by by forsaking beds and loving wives,
Meerly for indian skins to hazzard lives:
These hopes had something calm'd the boiling pasti-
Of this incorrigible warlike nation. (on
During this short *Parenthesis* of peace
Our forces found, but left him not at ease.
Here english valour most illustrious shone,
Finding their numbers ten times ten to one.
A shower of leaden hail our captains fell
Which made the bravest blades among us reel;
Like to some ant-hill hastily spurn'd abroad,
Where each takes heels and bears away his load:
Instead of plate and jewels, indian trayes
With baskets up they snatch and trust their wayes.
Sundry the flames arrest and some the blade,
By bullets heaps on heaps of Indians laid.
The Flames like lightening in their narrow streets
Dart in the face of every one it meets.
Here might be heard an hideous indian cry,
Of wounded ones who in the Wigwams fry.
Had we been *Canibals* here might we feast
On brave *Westphalia* gammons ready dreſt.

The tauny hue is Ethiopick made
Of such on whome *Vulcan* his clutches laid.
There fate was sudden, our advantage great
To give them once for all a grand defeat;
But tedious travell had so crampt our toes
It was too hard a task to chase the foes.
Distinctness in the numbers of the slain,
Or the account of Pagans which remain
Are both uncertain, losses of our own
Are too too sadly felt, too sadly known.
War digs a common grave for friends and foes,
Captains in with the common souldier throws.
Six of our Leaders in the first assault
Crave readmission to their Mothers Vault
Who had they fell in antient *Homers* dayes
Had been enrol'd with *Hecatombs* of praise.
As clouds dispersst, the natives troops divide,
And like the streames along the thickets glide.
Some breathing time we had, & short God knowes
But new alarums from recruited foes
Bounce at our eares, the mounting clouds of smoak
From martyr'd townes the heav'ns for aid invoke.
Churches, barns, houses with most ponderous things
Made volatile fly ore the land with wings.
Hundreds of cattle now they sacrifice
For aiery spirits up to gormandize;

And

And to the *Molech* of their hellish guts,
Which craves the flesh in gross, their ale in butts.
Lancaster, Medfield, Mendon wildred *Groton*,
With many Villages by me not thought on
Dy in their youth by fire that usefull foe,
Which this grand cheat the world will overflow.
The wandring Priest to every one he meets
Preaches his Churches funeral in the streets.
Sheep from their fold are frighted, Keepers too
Put to their trumps not knowing what to doe.
This monster Warre hath hatcht a beauteous dove
In dogged hearts, of most unfeigned love,
Fraternal love the livery of a Saint
Being come in fashion though by sad constraint,
Which if it thrive and prosper with us long
Will make *New-England* forty thousand strong.

But off the Table hand, let this suffice
As the abridgment of our miseryes.
If Mildew, Famine, Sword, and fired Towns,
If Slaughter, Captivating, Deaths and wounds,
If daily whippings cause reform our wayes,
These all will sit us in our Fathers Praise;
If otherwise, the sword must never rest
Till all New-Englands *Glory it divest.*

A Supplement.

WHat meanes this silence of *Harvardine* quils
While *Mars* triumphant thunders on our hills.
Have pagan priests their Eloquence confin'd
To no mans use but the mysterious mind?
Have Pawaws charm'd that art which was so rife
To crouch to every Don that lost his life?
But now whole towns and Churches fire and dy
Without the pitty of an *Elegy*.
Nay rather should my quils were they all swords
Wear to the hilts in some lamenting words.
I dare not stile them poetry but truth.
The dwingling products of my crazy youth.
If these essayes shall raise some quainter pens
Twil to the Writer make a rich amends.

Marlburyes Fate.

When *Londons* fatal bills were blown abroad
And few but Specters travel'd on the road,
Not towns but men in the black bill enrol'd
Were in *Gazetts* by *Typographers* sold:
But our *Gazetts* without *Errataes* must
Report the plague of towns reduct to dust:

And

And feavers formerly to tenants sent
Arrest the timbers of the tenement.
Ere the late ruines of old *Groton*'s cold,
Of *Marlbury*'s peracute disease we're told.
The feet of such who neighbouring dwellings urnd
Unto her ashes, not her doors return'd.
And what remaind of tears as yet unspent
Are to its final gasps a tribute lent.
If painter overtrack my pen let him
An olive colour mix, these elves to trim;
Of such an hue let many thousand thieves
Be drawn like Scare-crows clad with oak-n leaves,
Exhausted of their verdant life and blown
From place to place without an home, o-own.
Draw Devils like themselves, upon their cheeks
The banks for grease and mud, a place for leeks.
Whose locks *Meduſaes* snakes, do ropes resemble,
And ghostly looks would make *Achilles* tremble.
Limm them besmear'd with Christian Blood & oild
With fat out of white humane bodyes boil'd.
Draw them with clubs like maules & full of stains,
Like *Vulcans* anvilling *New-Englands* brains.
Let round be gloomy forrests with crag'd rocks
Where like to castles they may hide their flocks,
Till opportunity their cautious friend
Shall jogge them fiery worship to attend.

Shew them like ſerpents in an avious path
Seeking to ſow the fire-brands of their wrath.
Moſt like Æneas in his cloak of miſt,
Who undiſcover'd move where ere they liſt
Cupid they tell us hath too ſorts of darts.
One ſharp and one obtuſe, one cauſing wounds,
One piercing deep the other dull rebounds,
But we feel none but ſuch as drill our hearts.
From Indian ſheaves which to their ſhoulders cling,
Upon the word they quickly feel the ſtring.
Let earth be made a ſcreen to hide our woe
From Heavens Monarch and his Ladyes too,
And leaſt our Jealouſie think they partake,
For the red ſtage with clouds a curtain make.
Let dogs be gag'd and every quickning ſound
Be charm'd to ſilence, here and there all round
The town to ſuffer, from a thouſand holes
Let crawle theſe fiends with brands and fired poles,
Paint here the houſe & there there the barn on fire,
With holocauſts aſcending in a ſpire.
Here granaries, yonder the Churhes ſmoak
Which vengeance on the actors doth invoke.
Let *Morpheus* with his leaden keyes have bound
In feather-beds ſome, ſome upon the ground,
That none may burſt his drowſie ſhackles till
The bruitiſh pagans have obtain'd their will,

And

And *Vulcan* fi'es them off then *Zeuxis* paint
The phrenzy glances of of the ſinking ſaint.
Draw there the Paſtor for his bible crying,
The ſouldier for his ſword, The Glutton frying
With ſtreams of glory-fat, the thin-jaw'd Miſer
Oh had I given this I had been wiſer.
Let here the Mother ſeem a ſtatue turn'd
At the ſad object of her bowels burn'd.
Let the unſtable weakling in belief
Be mounting *Aſhurs* horſes for relief.
Let the half Convert ſeem ſuſpended twixt
The dens of darkneſs, and the Planets fixt,
Ready to quit his hold, and yet hold faſt
By the great *Atlas* of the Heavens vaſt.
Paint Papiſts mutterring ore their apiſh beads
Whome the blind follow while the blind man leads,
Let *Ataxy* be mounted on a throne
Impoſing her Commands on every one,
A many-headed monſter without eyes
To ſee the wayes which wont to make men wiſe.
Give her a thouſands tongues with wings and hands
To be ubiquitary in Commands,
But let the concave of her skull appear
Clean waſht and empty quite of all but fear,
One ſhe bids flee, another ſtay, a third
She bids betake him to his ruſty ſword,

Thi

This to his treasure, th'other to his knees,
Some counsels flie to fry and some to freeze,
These to the garrison, those to the road,
Some to run empty, some to take their load:
Thus while confusion most mens hearts divide
Fire doth their small exchecquer soon decide.
Thus all things seeming ope or secret foes,
An Infant may grow old before a close,
But yet my hopes abide in perfect strength.

The Town called *Providence* Its Fate.

Why must wee thus to see the wheeles run cross
Since *Providence* it self sustaines a loss:
And yet should *Providence* forget to watch
I fear the enemy would all dispatch;
Celestial lights would soon forget their line,
The wandering planets would forget to shine,
The stars run all out of their common spheres,
And quickly fall together by the eares:
Kingdoms would jostles out their Kings and set
The poor Mechanick up whome next they met,
Or rather would whole kingdoms with the world
Into a *Chaos* their first egge be hurl'd.
Ther's none this Providence of the Most High
Who can survive and write its Elegie:

But

But of a solitary town I write,
A place of darkness yet receiving light
From pagan hands, a miscellanious nest
Of errors Hectors, where they sought a rest.
Out of the reach of Lawes but not of God,
Since they have felt the smart of common rod.
Twas much I thought they did escape so long,
Who Gospel truth so manifestly wronge:
For one *Lots* sake perhaps, or else I think
Justice did at greatest offenders wink.
But now the shott is paid, I hope the dross
Will be cashiered in this common loss.
Houses with substance feel uplifting wings,
The earth remains, the last of humane things:
But know the dismal day draws neer wherein
The fire shall earth it self dissolve and sin.

Seaconk Plain Engagement.

On our *Pharsalian Plaines*, comprizing space
For *Cæsars* host brave *Pompey* to outface,
An handfull of our men are walled round
With Indian swarmes; anon their pieces sound
A *Madrigal* like heavns artilery
Lightning and thunderbolts their bullets fly.
Her's hosts to handfulls, of a few they leav
Fewer to tell how many they bereave.

Fool-

Fool-hardy fortitude it had been sure
Fierce storms of shot and arrows to endure
Without all hopes of some requital to
So numerous and pestilent a foe.
Some musing a retreat and thence to run,
Have in an instant all their business done,
They sink and all their sorrows ponderous weight
Down at their feet they cast and tumble straight.
Such who obtain'd the fate of others fly
Into the Irish bogs of misery:
Such who might dye like men like beasts do range
Uncertain whither for a better change,
These Natives hunt and chase with currish mind,
And plague with cruelties such as they find.

when shall this shower of Blood be over? When?
Quickly we pray oh Lord! say thou Amen.

Seaconk or *Rehoboth's* Fate.

I once conjectur'd that those tygers hard
To reverend *Newmans* bones would have regard,
But were all *SAINTS* they met twere all one case,
They have no reverence to an Angels face:
But where they fix their griping lions paws
They rend without remorse or heed to laws.
Rehoboth here in common english, Rest
They ransack, *Newmans* Relicts to molest.

Here

Here all the town is made a publick ſtage
Whereon theſe *Nimrods* act their monſtrous rage.
All cruelties which paper ſtain'd before
Are acted to the life here ore and ore.

Chelmsfords Fate.

Ere famous *Winthrops* bones are laid to reſt
The pagans *Chelmsford* with ſad flames arreſt,
Making an artificial day of night
By that plantations formidable light.
Here's midnight ſhrieks and Soul-amazing moanes,
Enough to melt the very marble ſtones:
Fire-brands and bullets, darts and deaths and wounds
Confuſive outcryes every where reſounds:
The natives ſhooting with the mixed cryes,
With all the cruelties the foes deviſe,
Might fill a volume, but I leave a ſpace
For mercyes ſtill ſucceſſive in there place
Not doubting but the foes have done their worſt,
And ſhall by heaven ſuddenly be curſt.

Let this dear Lord be ſad Concluſion be
Of poor New-Englands *diſmal tragedy.*
Let not the glory of thy former work
Blaſphemed be by pagan Jew or Turk:
But in its funeral aſhes write thy Name
So fair all Nations may expound the ſame:
Out of her aſhes let a Phœnix riſe
That may ouſſhine the firſt and be more wiſe.

B. Tompſon.

ON

A FORTIFICATION

At Boston *begun by Women.*

Dux Fœmina Facti.

A Grand attempt ſome Amazonian Dames
Contrive whereby to glorify their names,
A Ruff for *Boſton* Neck of mud and turfe,
Reaching from ſide to ſide from turfe to turfe,
Their nimble hands ſpin up like Chriſtmas pyes,
Their paſtry by degrees on high doth riſe.
The wheel at home counts it an holiday,
Since while the Miſtris worketh it may play.
A tribe of female hands, but manly hearts
Forſake at home their paſty-cruſt and tarts.
To knead the dirt, the ſamplers down they hurle,
Their undulating ſilks they cloſely furle.
The pick-axe one as a Commandreſs holds,
While t'other at her awkneſs gently ſcolds.
One puffs and ſweats, the other mutters why
Cant you promove your work ſo faſt as I?
Some dig, ſome delve, and others hands do feel
The little waggons weight with ſingle wheel.

An

And leaſt ſome fainting fits the weak ſurprize,
They want no ſack nor cakes, they are more wiſe.
Theſe brave eſſayes draw forth Male ſtronger hands
More like to Dawbers then to Martial bands:
Theſe do the work, and ſturdy bulwarks raiſe,
But the beginners well deſerve the praiſe.

FINIS.